M^rs. Beetham del. J. Jehner fecit.

NEW LECTURES ON HEADS,

DESCRIBING THE

CHARACTERS,	FOLLIES,
PASSIONS,	VIRTUES,
MORALS,	VICES, and
FASHIONS,	ABSURDITIES

Incident to Human Life;

WHICH ARE CALCULATED TO

Divert the FANCY, engage the ATTENTION, improve the UNDERSTANDING, rectify the HEART, put VICE out of countenance, and make VIRTUE ſhine in its priſtine luſtre.

By *E. BEETHAM*,
LITTLE-STRICKLAND, WESTMORLAND.

It's Beetham's *intention and earneſt deſire,*
With the love of fair Virtue each mind to inſpire,
And Vice to diſplay in her proper attire.
He turneth to ridicule what he knows to be vain,
And thus by his lectures he ſhews you ſo plain,
That if Vices wear maſks he unmaſks them again.

NEWCASTLE upon TYNE:
Printed by T. ROBSON, and ſold by the AUTHOR.
[Price ONE SHILLING.]

General References.

PART I.

Exhibition.		Page.
1	Venus ſurrounded with Cupids	9
2	The head of a pretended Captain	11
3	Miſs Amelia Surloin	12
4	A Horſe Jockey, or the Centuar Diſmounted	19
5	Patience on a Monument	21

PART II.

On Oratory.

6	Miſtreſs A, B, C.	25
7	School Boy	26
8	Bellower	27
9	Snuffler	28
10	Liſpers	29
11	Stamerer	30
12	Ti tum tier	---
13	School Maſter and School Boy	---
14	Jingler	31
15	Word Clipper	---
16	Word Grubber	---
17	The Paſſions	35
18	Laughter	37

PART III.

Card Party.

19	Jacky Wagtail, Tommy Trinkett, Sir Fanciful Fringe, & Lord Lofty	38
20	Scotch, Welch, and Iriſh Orators	39
21	Macaroni Orator	---
22	Weſtmorland Collier	42
23	Anecdote Hunter	43
24	Captain of a Collier	44
25	Sir Benjamin Bumper and his Lady	45
26	Sir Gregory Greedy	---
27	Sir Chriſtopher Catgut's Letter to Mr Samuel Starch, grocer	46
28	Dr Potion's Letter to Miſs Firkin	48

INTRODUCTION.

TO promote laudable purſuits, to make vice hide its odious head, and ſarcaſtically to ridicule every reigning FOLLY, ought to be the deſign of the dramatic Writer. Since the ſtage is generally allowed to have a powerful and commanding influence, on the morals of mankind. Our deſign, therefore, is to captivate the mind by firſt enchanting the ſenſes; which is the way to make conviction operate in the moſt forcible manner. The paſſions muſt be heated to a degree of enthuſiam, in order to accompliſh this deſirable end;——And how far this new performance is calculated for ſuch a purpoſe, we ſhall leave to the deciſion, and determination of our judicious auditors.

It is certain we as naturally gravitate to a lethargic inactivity, as bodies to the centre.—— Our paſſions are the main ſprings of action; without which, we might claim alliance with inanimate matter. The paſſions which we often hear ſuch tragical complaints, are nevertheleſs, abſolutely neceſſary, they are handmaids of the utmoſt

moſt utility, when kept under prudent reſtrictions; but they are dangerous and tyrannic taſk maſters, when ſuffered to encroach upon the province of reaſon, and ſo far indulged, as to gain an abſolute aſcendance over us.

This will be fully exemplified, and illuſtrated in this Lecture; from whence it is eaſy to infer the neceſſity of keeping our own breaſts under the ſtricteſt regulation.

As it is not calculated merely to excite the laugh of folly, and dimple the cheek of wantonneſs, but to diſcourage immorality, and make virtue ſhine in its original robes of ſplendor.—Since this is the tendency of it, I hope its very deſign, and the ſentiments it is interſperſed with will recommend it to the patronage of the judicious, diſcerning, and good, whoſe countenance I value infinitely more, than the fond approbation of the undiſtinguiſhing, illiterate, or indiſcreet.

I was buſied ſome time paſt, with the exhibition of Mr. Steven's comic Lectures on Heads, and Mr Dodd's ſatirical Lectures on Hearts, met with that approbation and applauſe which the unprejudiced will eaſily ſee they merit, for the ſake of variety, and to chequer the banquet, with a diverſity of diſhes,

I ſet

I ſet about collecting a moral Lecture of my own, turning whatever I met with in any author to agree with my purpoſe, and giving it a caſt ſuitable to the end I wanted to ſerve, not ſcrupling to make free in ſuch a manner, when I found any thing adapted to my plan, and carrying no indelicate alluſion with it. It has had the favour of men of judgment, whoſe penetration has diſcovered what it is intended to inculcate, whoſe candour induced them on that account to paſs over all trivial imperfections.

When ſcenes of lewdneſs and debauchery are acted with a daring impudence, and when the deadly contagion ſeems to ſpread among all ranks of life, morality ought to be recommended from the ſtage, as well as pulpit.——A lecturer, in this capacity, has the advantage of a Divine; as he can introduce fictitious characters, ſuitable to the reigning follies, with a better grace than the other.

I wiſh to reform and refine the heart at the ſame time, that I amuſe the fancy, and tickle the liſtening ear. If any ſhould be found ſo weak, and truly vulgar, as only to come here to diſcover ſomething laughable, and comic, before I have done they ſhall have their humours gratified, as vice truly expoſed, is the

moſt

moſt ridiculous thing in the world. But I would adviſe ſuch, while they are diverted with what they think imaginary, to conſider their own failings, if taken in hand, which may be in ſome part of my lectures, and found as fooliſh as thoſe of any other perſon, whoſe conduct is ſcrutinized in this lecture, I ſhall beg for a ſilent audience, and a meek indulgence, as I am conſcious my deſire to pleaſe, well exceed my efforts to be truly agreeable.

A *Prologue*

A PROLOGUE.

THE taſk is hard in this refin'd age,
With freſh ſupplies to decorate the ſtage;
Though novelty is always to be found,
Where vices ſpring like muſhrooms from the ground.
Each auditor has his peculiar taſte,
And different feelings riſe in ev'ry breaſt
Your varied judgments who can reconcile,
Since ſome will grin, while others deign to ſmile.
We knight adventurers can't pleaſe you all,
Though art and nature both attend our call.
Diverſity each palate to allay,
This very night however well diſplay;
The hazard run to ſatisfy the town,
And boldly ſtruggle for the laurel crown;
Contend with ardor for the noble prize,
While ſtrong deſire glows plainly in our eyes,
Compoſe your muſcles then, nor cauſeleſs rail
Ye cynic wits—Where are they can you tell,
Bid them from me, no ſnarling faces ſhow,
Since ſuch is fitteſt for the fiends below;
But to aſſume a chearful countenance,
And look like Monſieurs, lately come from FRANCE.

EPILOGUE.

The Royal Stamp makes current every ore,
And gives a value where was none before;
So your applauſe on my attempt this night,
Will make it ſterling in the critic's ſight.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LECTURES ON HEADS.

PART FIRST.

(HOLDING UP THE HEAD OF A VENUS, &c.)

THIS is the buſt of Venus, ſurrounded by Cupids; and as I have taken upon me to exhibit it firſt, you may eaſily gueſs that I imagine LOVE to be the ſtrongeſt and moſt prevalent of all the paſſions.—It is deeply implanted in the human heart for a very important reaſon, being the appointed avenue to procreation.—The Greeks have deified Love; but what are the attributes which they have aſcribed to it? — Caprice and Error.

We are never more liable to abſurdities and inconſiſtencies, than when this little god monopolizes our breaſts. Its advances are commonly leiſurely; but, when it has gained conſiderable ground, it will reign in a deſpotic manner, in ſpite of all the efforts which can be made to the contrary. While it is in embrio, we ought deliberately to conſider, whether or no there is a probability of gaining the object of our affections; for when it commences a diſeaſe, we ſhall find it very had to bear, and much more hard to cure.—The facetious Yorrick obſerves that, ſome have imagined Love to be a god, ſome a

devil, and others part of both. Some have ſuppoſed the ſeat of Love in the brain, others in the liver; but notwithſtanding all their nice diſquiſitions, theſe points are not to be thoroughly and infallibly known. The ſame comical author merrily ridicules that general phraſe of *falling in love*. To ſay, a man is *fallen in love*; that he is *deeply in love*; or, that he is *over head and ears in love*, carries with it an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing below a man, which is of an heatheniſh opinion.

Can we form no ideas of Love? Then what can it be? It is a noun-ſubſtantive, it may be ſeen, felt, heard and underſtood. No, I aſk your pardon, it may be felt, and a comical feeling it excites.—It is like a ſalamander, it exiſts among flames; it is like the camelion, it lives upon air; it is like a porcupine, full of prickles; it is like coffee; an enemy to ſleep; in ſhort it is a compound of contradictions, and the oddeſt thing in the world——Which is all that I am able to ſay on ſuch a myſterious ſubject.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

As the Britiſh FAIR are generally allowed to be more excellently amiable than thoſe of any other country, it is therefore pitiable to remark how frequently they are preyed upon by deſigning villains, and fall a ſacrifice to levity and indiſcretion. As I have a ſincere regard for the ſofter ſex, I would willingly promote their welfare; for this reaſon, I ſhall dedicate this part of the lecture to their inſtruction and improvement, introducing ſeveral inſtances in which the ladies, by precipitate compliance, or raſh engagements, have ſullied their honour, and either wholly loſt, or very much hazarded that ineſtimable jewel their virtue.

THE

THE HEAD OF A *pretended* CAPTAIN.

THIS head, my worthy auditors, adorned with a ſharp ſet hat, in which is that military enſign a cockade, and well bedaubed with powder, is the head of a PRETENDED captain; he was butler in a gentleman's family, and was turned away for a miſdemeanour: in this delemma he had recourſe to ſtratagem for his future ſubſiſtence. In any exigency there are a certain ſet of men who are ſure to betake themſelves to the females, if they have any probability of making a handle of them to their own advantage; this was evidently the caſe with him. After long revolving in his mind where the quarter lay for his purpoſe, he at laſt reſolved to apply himſelf as a lover to Miſs Amelia Surloin, whoſe father was an eminent butcher, and who, as he got informed, would give her a genteel fortune. She, alas, was ſcarce eighteen, which made him believe ſhe ſhould eaſily give into his meaſures. Her perſon was attractive, but that was not his motive for attacking her: his ſentiments, at that time, truly correſponded with the language of Hudibraſs.

"What is the worth of any thing,
But as much money as 'twill bring."

This head, with regular features and a fair complexion, is that of the young innocent on whom he began to exerciſe his artifices, and whoſe fortune was to better his embarraſſed circumſtances. At her credulous age, ſhe was very flexible, and liſtened to his ſpecious arguments with a greedy attention: one interview more was to put a deciſive ſtroke to the buſineſs. Her father, Mr. Surloin's approbation, was the only thing wanting before the

ſolemnization

ſolemnization of the nuptials; this, you muſt know, was of material conſequence, for without his concurrence, our intrepid adventurer could expect no caſh, which was the principle thing he had in view. Well, the hour is appointed for a conſultation with the father; our hero attends, and the decent tradeſman takes him immediately into a ſmall but commodious parlour; the one payed compliments with an affected politeneſs, and the other returned them with an aukward civility. The firſt topic of converſation was the coldneſs of the weather; next, the good butcher ſorrowfully obſerved that proviſions were dear, lamented the hardneſs of the times, and pitied the poor, then filling a bumber, and knocking his glaſs againſt the captain's, he drank to their better acquaintance. When they had both drank, there was a profound ſilence for ſome minutes. Mr. Surloin then re-aſſumed the diſcourſe and went point blank to the matter, aſking him, How matters ſtood between him and his daughter; which he preſumed was the occaſion of his coming there. The military gentleman replied, that he would make no ceremony in telling him that, he profeſſed the higheſt regard for the young lady. Young lady, ſays the home-bred father, I beg, Sir, you will not young lady my daughter: ſhe is a good likely girl, for that matter; but, as for being a young lady, ſhe can have no pretenſions to that title: indeed her mother, who has totally had the tuition of her, has always filled her head with a parcel of nonſenſe. Your plain way of thinking, returned the new made ſoldier, I highly approve, but her education diſtinguiſhes her from the vulgar herd. Aye, interupted the butcher, that was againſt

my

my will too, but my wife would have it ſo, and ſhe was ſent to a boarding ſchool, forſooth: to be ſure, as ſhe was but a half boarder, I agreed with it for peace and quietneſs, but if it was to do again, my wife ſhould ſcold her heart out before I would admit of it: ſhe has learnt nothing but to talk of gentility, faſhions, dancing, plays, and I don't know what. Theſe things, Sir, anſwered the captain, are accompliſhments abſolutely neceſſary in every woman who has any pretenſions of marrying genteelly. Therefore, Sir, returned Mr. Surloin, they are unneceſſary for my daughter, for I am ſure I know not what pretenſions ſhe has for marrying genteelly, or out of her ſphere. I am a plain man, as you ſee, continues he, and, no doubt, ſhould like very well to ſee my daughter made a gentlewoman; but then, how is that to be? there is the queſtion: for my part, I cannot ſee, now-a-days, that gentlemen are willing to take a girl for love alone.—No offence, I hope, to you, Sir.—By no means, replied the deſigning good-for-nothing. I aſſure you, Sir, I eſteem your ſentiments, and though love is the chief ingredient in a happy marriage; yet, to make it quite complete, a little fortune is neceſſary. I rather think, ſays Mr. Surloin, as times go, that fortune is looked upon as the chief ingredient.—You'll excuſe me, Sir, I am a blunt man. Pray Sir, make no apology, replied the captain. Well, Sir, ſays Mr. Surloin, let us now begin the buſineſs we met upon.—You ſay you have a regard for my daughter, I ſuppoſe you mean love. I do, Sir, anſwered the captain. You are an officer, my daughter tells me, Yes, Sir, returned the captain; but to deal ingenuouſly with you, I am only a younger brother, and

therefore

therefore, I cannot boaſt of any great fortune, only a thouſand pounds or ſo, beſides my commiſſion, with which, continues he, I am capaple of appearing as a gentleman, and I hope I have always acted as ſuch. A thouſand pounds, ſays Mr. Surloin, is a great deal of money, in my opinion; I don't know what you may think of it. As for your commiſſion, it is quite out of my way, and therefore I know nothing of it. And now, Sir, continues he, as you have told me who you are, it is but fair that I ſhould tell you who I am: I am, adds he, a butcher by trade, and by induſtry and frugality I make ſhift to maintain myſelf and my family in a tolerable way; I make it a rule never to beſpeak any thing but what I know I can afford, nor let any thing be worn or made uſe of 'till I have paid for it; I pay my landlord his rent every quarter day, and I don't owe any man a ſhilling in the world; and ſo, now Sir, if you like me for a father-in-law, without farther ceremony, here's my hand, and done's the word.

This cloſe way of doing buſineſs, diſconcerted the martial gentleman, who evaded cloſing with the propoſals, ſaying, ſuch a thing as marriage, required a little more conſideration than a bett at a cock-match or a horſe-race. Why look you, Sir, ſays Mr. Surloin, this is my way of doing buſineſs; if I ſee a bullock in the market, which I think is for my purpoſe, I bid money for him, after examining him and enquiring his price; and if my money is accepted I have the beaſt, but if not we part, and there is no harm done: now apply that, Sir. Well, Sir, returned the captain, to make a matter of trade of this affair, as I profeſs a regard for your daughter, if you will give me a fortune with her, I

will

will marry her, notwithſtanding the diſgrace it will be to my family. Fortune, Sir, ſays Mr. Surloin, What fortune do you expect me to give? I ſuppoſe, Sir, ſays the captain, you intend to give her a fortune equal to her education and appearance in the world. As for her education and appearance in the world, ſays Mr. Surloin, I have told you how that came about, and that it was none of my fault; I'll ſpend a few guineas in a wedding dinner with all my heart, but as for fortune, I aſſure you I have none to give. You are certainly in jeſt, Sir, ſays the captain, as you have educated and dreſſed your daughter in the character of a lady of fortune—Zounds, Sir, ſays Mr. Surloin, I tell you my wife has had the whole management of her, and that is none of my fault: this very thing, adds he, I have told my wife over and over; for, ſays I, what tradeſman do you think will have her, as ſhe will, to be ſure, expect to live in the manner ſhe has been brought up; and if ſhe does not, ſays I, then ſhe'll be unhappy: and what tradeſman is there, do you think, that can afford it, or if he could, would think it proper to keep her like a lady: and what gentleman will take a butcher's daughter without a farthing, only becauſe the girl has a notion of dreſs and politeneſs as they call it; ſo that the girl will be brought up for nothing, and in the end, turn w—-e. But it ſignifyed nothing, for my wife ſaid her daughter ſhould be dreſſed and brought up as well as the daughter of Mr. Spigot, the publican, who was no better than ſhe was, and that ſomething might happen. Here Mr. Surloin was interrupted by the ſudden entrance of the wife of his boſom, who was followed by Miſs Surloin.

The

The ſlayer of oxen, was at once aſtoniſhed and intimidated on ſeeing his wife. Mr. Surloin (ſays the lady on her entrance) I am ſurpriſed at your unpolite behaviour; I have heard every word you have ſaid, and one might imagine you have no more ſenſe than the beaſts you kill; to tell a gentleman the circumſtances of your family in the manner you have done, is a monſtrous thing. Mr. Surloin declared he had ſaid nothing but the truth, and added that, liſteners ſeldom heard any good of themſelves. Mrs. Surloin returned that, he was a poor mean-ſpirited wretch, and had not a grain of ambition in him. Mr. Surloin replied, it might be better if ſome folks had leſs; and, for his part, he did not ſee what people in his ſphere had to do with ambition, for, ſays he, they are generally getting into ſome ſcrape or another.

Miſs, during the altercation between her papa and mamma, had drawn near the captain, who took very little notice of her. Mrs. Surloin now addreſſed the captain, and told him, ſhe hoped he would excuſe Mr. Surloin's want of politeneſs, and told him that, though it was true that her daughter was not the greateſt fortune in the pariſh, neither was ſhe the leaſt, as ſhe was the only child, and would be intitled to every farthing at their deaths, which, ſhe dare ſay, would amount to near a hundred pounds; or, if Mr. Surloin puſhed properly, many hundreds. Mr. Surloin ſaid, that he underſtood the captain was in love with Amelia, and with that and the thouſand pounds he had, they might live very happy. The captain replied, that it was true he had a great regard for Miſs Amelia, and that his fortune was about a thouſand pounds, but

that

that as he was of one of the beſt families in Dorſetſhire, it would diſgrace it to marry into Mr. Surloin's family, unleſs it was made up by fortune, and that he had been told, Miſs Amelia would be worth a thouſand pounds, and which, by her dreſs and the company ſhe kept, he thought could not be leſs. Mr. Surloin declared that, whoever ſaid that he could give his daughter a thouſand pounds, was a ſcandalous perſon; as for her dreſs and company, do you anſwer (ſpeaking to his wife) for that. One of Mr. Surloin's ſervants now called him into another room, and on his going out, Mrs. Surloin told the captain that ſhe preſumed his intentions had been honourable, and that his addreſſes had not been made to her daughter altogether for the lucre of gain. The captain proteſted his love intirely diſintereſted, but that he could not, on account of his family, think of entering into an alliance with Miſs Amelia without a fortune.

Mr. Surloin was now returned, and, rubbing his hands, aſked the captain if he was willing to accept of his daughter or not? The captain ſtrongly urged that, the diſgrace it would be to his family would not permit him to engage any farther. Pray Sir, ſays Mr. Surloin, what is this great family you boaſt ſo much of? I am, ſaid the captain, of the family of the Fortune Hunters, which is as antient a one as any in the kingdom. Mr. Surloin aſked him if he did not know one John Taplaſh? The captain, upon this, appeared extremely confounded, but ſtammered out, he kn--ew no ſuch p-p-perſon: Mr. Surloin rang the bell, and aſked his ſervant if he knew the gentleman? pointing to the captain. Yes, replied he, very well, his name is Jack Taplaſh, he was

butler to Eſquire Narrow, and was diſcharged for ill behaviour about half a year ago. Then ſpeaking to the new made captain, you know me very well, Mr. Taplaſh, do not you. The captain winking at him, ſaid he never ſaw him before to his knowledge. Come, come, ſays the ſervant, do not wink at me, I will not ſee any one impoſed upon, I know you very well.

Mr. Surloin's choler being now raiſed to the higheſt degree, he could not contain himſelf any longer; putting off his wig and coat, told the impoſtor that, though he had impoſed upon him, he would take no advantage on him, but would box him fairly. The martial hero declined the combat; then Mr. Surloin, giving a looſe to his hands and feet together, employed them both ſo faſt upon the unlucky adventurer, that it was hard to determine which of them went the faſteſt; and the paſſive cheat ſeemed reſolved to ſee whether his patience or Mr. Surloin's ſtrength would hold out the longeſt. Surloin being a corpulent man, was, at length, obliged to give over his labour for want of breath, and thereby the captain's principle of non-reſiſtence obtained a complete victory over the active vigour of the enraged butcher.

Mr. Surloin, having a little recovered himſelf from the fatigue which the violent exertion of his ſtrength had occaſioned, now turned to his wife and daughter, and told the latter, that for the future, ſhe ſhould be under his direction; and bid her ſee that to-morrow ſhe appeared in the ſhop as his daughter, with a coloured apron before her, and to diſpoſe of the things that hung dangling at her elbows, or he would burn them. The two ladies having

having ſeen ſuch manifeſt proofs of his proweſs, were intimidated into ſilence, not daring to exerciſe thoſe dreadful weapons their tongues, which were now, for the firſt time ſubdued. During this, the captain had employed himſelf in wiping off the dirt which had been left upon him by Mr. Surloin's ſhoes, every now and then ſaying, this is fine treatment indeed, for a gentleman. Mr Surloin opened the door, and ordered the martial captain to leave the room, who ſeemed very glad to obey him, Mr. Surloin complimenting him with two or three very handſome kicks behind at his departure.

Thus was an unſuſpecting creature reſcued from ruin and deſtruction, which ſhould excite thoſe of her ſex to be wary in their engagements, and not raſhly expoſe themſelves to miſery and infamy.

Ladies, ſince many of our ſex you find
Perfidious, falſe, and to the FAIR unkind,
Avoid the baſe, with all that are untrue,
And give your favours to the faithful few.

THE HEAD OF A HORSE JOCKEY.

SIR SAPSKUL SNAFFLE, a man of fortune, if he had prudence enough to govern himſelf in the ſpending of it; ſenſe, if he had underſtanding to direct him; and wit, if he could tell how to make uſe of it. This gentleman will talk to you in this manner: Have you ſeen my horſe, Nabob? He is indeed a capital horſe, and I will match him againſt any horſe in England for five hundred. He is bottom, Sir; d—n it, bottom, ſteel to the bottom, all blood;—ſticker and cutter every inch of him;—he will run, a gad, if he has but one leg left out of all four.---I never keep any thing that is

not bottom; game, game to the laſt; you will find every thing that belongs to me game. I have not ſeen you ſince I won my laſt ſubſcription ſweepſtakes; there were ſeven of us, Jack Buck, Lord Brainleſs, Bob Rattle, you know Bob, Bob is an honeſt fellow, Sir Harry Idle, Dick Riot, Sir Roger Bumber and myſelf, for five hundred a ſide, to carry ſeven ſtone, ſeven pounds, ſix ounces and a half: the odds at ſtarting were ſeven to four againſt me the field round; and ten, fifteen, and twenty to one; for, you muſt know, they thought they had me at a dead wind, for Nabob was let down in the back ſinews, but my groom, who is a develiſh clever fellow, had him fired, and he ſtood round. For the firſt five mile you might have covered them all with my Sophy's under pettycoat; but poor Bob's gelding took the ruſt, flew out of the courſe, ran over two attornies. a quack doctor, a methodiſt preacher, an exciſeman and a jew broker: the people were in hopes he had killed the lawyers, but were damnably diſappointed when they found he had only broke the back of one and the legs of the other.

How ſtrangely are the manners, the ſenſes, the underſtanding of this man perverted. Races and gambling of all kinds are become his ſole amuſement; and thoſe parts which might have done him honour and his country ſervice, are dwindled down into a mere nothing, and his ſupreme delight placed in two objects, horſe-racing and cock-fighting; which ſo intirely engroſſes his attention, that he can talk of nothing elſe; nor is he ever happy unleſs when cheered by the enlivening ſound of SEVEN'S MAIN.

THE

THE HEAD OF PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.

THIS is PATIENCE on a MONUMENT, deſigned from one of the moſt beautiful paſſages in Shakeſpear: his words are theſe,

> " She never told her love;
> But let concealment, like a worm i'th bud,
> Feed on her damaſk cheek.
> She ſat like Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief."

Of all the paſſions, grief is moſt frequently attended with fatal conſequences, and therefore, I deſire every one under adverſe circumſtances, to apply the moſt oppoſite remedy which the whole *materia medica* affords us, namely PATIENCE. Homer introduces Agamemnon as tearing off his hair, under the influence of grief, which made Bias to call him a fool, and to aſk him if baldneſs was a cure for trouble. When any thing ſits ſo hard upon us as to depreſs our ſpirits, and prevent the exerciſe of our ſeveral functions, inſtead of ſevere penances and rigid auſterities, we ſhould aſſociate ourſelves with cheerful company, participate of harmleſs amuſements, and contemplate the agreeable variety of nature. Freſh objects captivate the attention, diſpel the ſable clouds, which unpropitious incidents occaſion, drive away corroding anguiſh, beget an uniform tranquility, and inſenſibly ſmooth the furrowed brow of care. To theſe then let us repair, when grief would fix its remorſeleſs tooth upon us; for, whoever ſuffers it wilfully to prey upon him ſo as to contract his term of days, and prematurely ſeparate the cord of life, is really a *felo de ſe*. Even in the very

very worſt circumſtances, we find a comfort in hope; ſhe is ever ready to offer her balſamic potion, and to give an agreeable turn to our thoughts and ideas.

Refuge in hope the moſt abject may find;
'Tis oft falacious, but 'tis always kind;
None need deſpond, tho' ſentenc'd to a rope,
They will be welcome to the arms of hope.
Hope is innate, cloſe twiſted with our frame,
Cloſe as ſelf-love which ventilates the flame:
Void of this balm, what could our being give
To make us eaſy or content to live.
The ſtud'ous ſcholar, in the mazy ſchools,
To pedagogues ſubject and muſty rules,
Thro' ſcience plode his dark and thorny way,
Hoping at laſt to reach the realms of day.
The wrangling lawyer, in demurrings wiſe,
And ſkill'd to make us diſbelieve our eyes,
Forſakes his claret, and foregoes his eaſe,
Hoping to glut his rav'nous maw with fees.
The dauntleſs hero ſcorns the cannon's roar,
Enſanguin'd field, and all the rage of war,
In hopes to enter the records of fame,
And by his valour eternize his name.
The merchant, fearleſs of inclement ſkies,
Or foaming ſurges, which like mountains riſe,
Floats trackleſs o'er the ever reſtleſs main,
Hoping to ſail enriched back again.
The lover, unſucceſsful, bears the ſmart,
And ſpeaks ſome comfort to his bleeding heart,
By hoping his dulcinea will prove kind
At laſt, and eaſe the tumult of his mind.
The thread-bare poet, pennyleſs his fate,
For rhymes and epithets will ſcratch his pate,

In

In hopes, tho' that be an indiff'rent line,
More of the muſes in the next will ſhine.
Hope ſmiles on all, diſpels the orphan's gloom,
And reconciles the widow to her doom,
Supports our tott'ring fabric—beſt of friends,
Nor leaves the ſoul when life's weak taper ends.

END of the FIRST PART.

PART SECOND.

ON ORATORY.

IT is with the utmoſt grief and confuſion every true lover of literature muſt behold the daily corruption of our native language: and whilſt the foreign tongues (I mean the knowledge of them) is cultivated with the utmoſt care and aſſiduity, that of our own, which is by far the moſt neceſſary part of education, is treated with the utmoſt contempt and neglect. In France, the language of the country is, I may ſay, daily reviſed and corrected by a ſet of the politeſt and beſt educated men in the kingdom; and though I may be looked on in rather a deſpicable light by ſome of my hearers, for owning a wiſh of introducing into this free ſpoken country, a tie upon our ſpeech any way reſembling that of our neighbours, where the peaſant dare not deliver his ſentiments in any other form of words than what his ſuperiors pleaſe; yet I have the vanity to hope I ſhall ſtand acquitted in the eyes of at leaſt the major part of my audience, when I have aſſigned my reaſons for it, and be pardoned for my deſire of innovation, in introducing ſome abſolutely neceſſary alterations, without which the Engliſh language, as it ever has been, and will ever be, the moſt difficult for a foreigner to attain a perfect knowledge of. For inſtance:

ſtance: What can be more abſurd than that t o n g u e ſhould ſpell tong: yet if I was to pronounce *lingua*, which is latin for a tongue, *ling*, any one would think I had been bred fiſhmonger. What a contradiction it is that p l a g u e ſhould ſpell plague, when, take two letters away from it, it becomes a word of two ſyllables, and ſpells *ague*. This ſo offended Voltaire on his attempt to become a maſter of the Engliſh language, that he wiſhed the plague had one half and the ague the other.

Another almoſt inſuperable difficulty to a foreigner is, the number of tenſes: a word pronounced the ſame, though, indeed, ſometimes ſpelled differently, may be applied to; as the ſoul of a man, the ſoal of a ſhoe, and a fiſh called a ſole. To what a number of uſes is my poor friend Jack applied to; there is a jack to roaſt your meat, a jack to pull off your boots, a jack to hold your liquor, a jack to bowl at, jack a fiſh, jack a man's name, jack a ſhip's colour, jack in a harpſichord, jack to raiſe your timber, jack of all trades, jack of the lanthorn; but, for fear it ſhould play the will of the wiſp with me, and lead me into the quagmire of perplexity and prolixity, I ſhall drop the ſubject, and reſume the thread of my diſcourſe.

It is not only in the foregoing inſtances our mother tongue is ſo ſtrangely perverted, but in five hundred others which daily gain ground; through the ignorance, and often the fatal inability of thoſe who are entruſted with the care of our children in their youth. One little boy begins with a pipe as ſhrill as the firſt ſtring of a fiddle. " And Har-
" bonah, one of the King's chamberlains, ſaid before
" the King, behold alſo the gallows fifty cubits

" high which Haman had made for Mordecai, who " had ſpoken good for the King, ſtandeth in the " houſe of Haman. Then ſaid the King hang " him thereon, ſo they hanged Haman on the " gallows that was prepared for Mordecai. Then " was the King's wrath pacified." That any body would have thought Haman had been juſt hanged, and thoſe little children were employed to cry his dying ſpeech. There cannot be a greater proof of my aſſertion, I mean the very bad methods taken to teach our children to read, than an improper ſentence of the celebrated ROUSEAU, who paſſing by one of theſe polite ſeminaries of education, liſtened with the utmoſt diſappointment. O poor miſerable, by Gar dey ſing like noting at all. As a further proof of the ignorance of theſe inſtructors of youth. A girl of five years old, reading her morning leſſon, came to the word Birmingham, which ſhe ſpelt properly Bir-ming-ham, but the good old A B C her miſtreſs ſcrewing up her face, and putting on all the dignity of magiſtical authority, cries ſtop; come hither child: The word is Brimigham, mind what I ſay to you, Brim--Brum--ing--ige--ham--um, Brumigham. The girl retired confounded though ſo young at the reproof; and the Miſtreſs went on wrapped up in her own idea of her ſuperior judgment and knowledge; making divers other remarks with the ſame degree of accuracy. To theſe foundations we may aſcribe the many deſpicable figures we ſee daily make of of themſelves, not only in reading, but even in common converſation, nothing can be more ludicrous than thoſe inſtances we frequently meet with on the ſtage, where we find a man with a ſtrong hoarſe

voice

voice, who would have done this country admirable ſervice, in the capacity of a Town Cryer, bellowing out the part of Romeo with an, "O that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek." And on the other hand, a man with a ſharp treble pipe, cut out on purpoſe for crying piping hot, ſmoking hot, hot grey-peaſe, or one a penny, two a penny hot croſs buns." Sqeaking Richard III. with "Give me a horſe, bind up my wounds." A droll inſtance of this kind happened a few years ago, at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane. The play to be performed that night was the Mock Comedy of the Rehearſal, but happening to be my Lord Mayor's day, the man who was to act the Bold Thunderer, being a particular acquaintance of ſome of his lordſhip's footmen, and having been at Dinner at the Manſion-houſe, was overjoyed at the newly acquired honour of his friends maſter, that Jove's bold Thunderer was very nearly ſunk into ſilence, by the powerful influence of his lordſhip's Nectar. The lady who was to repreſent the briſk Lightning, having a timidity natural to her ſex, and Doctor Hill's Tincture of Sage not being then in faſhion, the Tincture of Juniper was made uſe of, but ſhe happening to take too powerful a doſe of the Cordial, was downright—I dare not ſay d——k, (for fear of incurring the diſpleaſure of the ladies) when there are ſo many polite words to expreſs my meaning. As for example, the lawyer would ſay that ſhe was non-compos, non ſeipſe, and a hundred ſuch like phraſes. The Barber would ſay, ſhe was terribly cut. The ſailor would ſay, that ſhe was half ſeas over, croſs the line, out of her latitude. The Brewer would ſay, ſhe has bunged her eye. And, indeed

indeed, every one would find out ſome applicable ſentence alluding to the trades they ſeverally followed, Whilſt the Macaroni would ſay d—me ſhe is beſide herſelf; ſhe is tipſey. And as moderate expreſſions we may make uſe of. You have been in the ſun, on for it, happy, dizzy, muggy, groggy, rocky. In ſhort ſhe was reduced to almoſt the ſame ſituation, as the bold Thunderer, ſhe miſtook her part, he *his*, the effect produced was truly ridiculous: it was as follows, "I'm the Bold Thunderer—the briſk lightening I." And in this manner, went through the whole prologue, to the no ſmall diverſion of the aſtoniſhed audience. Some men there are, who think the only beauty of reading, or ſpeaking, conſiſts in exalting the voice, to the loudeſt pitch even on the moſt trivial occaſion, ſo that a ſimple morning ſalutation from him will bear a ſlight reſemblance to the mad ſcene in Alexander, and make every body uneaſy at the poor man's uſeleſs exertion of his lungs, whilſt others have ſuch a ſullen ſulkey manner of addreſſing you, that you can ſcarce until after a long acquaintance with them, forbear thinking they are angry with you. Some keep their lips ſo cloſe together, that a ſtranger would imagine they are conjuring up ſpirits. By far more ſurprizing are the ſnufflers.—Snuffling is very improperly called ſpeaking through the noſe, whereas ſpeaking through the noſe is ſpeaking properly, as it is giving the breath the proper paſſage. As ſome of you may doubt this aſſertion, I will give you an ocular demonſtration.

"When ſight is bad the noſe is ready,
"To keep the ſpectacles ſtout and ſteady."

By

By applying the ſpectacles I ſnuffled, ſo they being removed ſo likewiſe is my ſnuffling.——Come we now to the liſpers, and the Sta-ſta-a-merers. The former of theſe is ſo fond of the two letters I T, as, to ſubſtitute them on every occaſion.

" Where the ThunBrethes, thently thfan
your fathe."

The latter has ſo great an objection to them that he cannot for the ſoul of him get them out at all. Now if the firſt of theſe would learn to do, what indeed it is my moſt ardent wiſh to have my preſent audience totally ignorant of)—" I mean to hiſs."—And the latter to ſubſtitute I T in their room, both theſe evils would be ſoon remedied.—How ridiculous is it to hear a man, very ſenſible in common converſation, if he ſhould read a common paragraph in the news-papers deliver himſelf in this manner: " We hear from Breſt by the moſt undoubted authority, that France is equiping a formidable fleet at Breſt, conſiſting of 14 ſail of the line, and nine frigates, and that another ſquadron is fitting out at Rochfort to join them."—What would you think of a man that was to ſalute you in this manner. Good morning to you Mr Thingumbob, how does Mrs. Thingumbob do? I hope ſhe is well, and all the young Thingumbobs. A man will eaſily ſee the ridiculouſneſs of ſpeaking in this manner, and why will he not read as he ſpeaks. Some people are very fond of ſinging their words, Recitativo as thus:

Sampſon to kill, the Pagans they did riſe,
And thrice they ſtrove to take him by ſurpriſe;
But with an aſſes jaw bone he did ſmite'em,
Ti Ti Tum titum titum Titum.

The

The Pedant will call authority, autority, and I know will tell me H is no letter, but to confound him, and cloſe the argument at once, I ſhall beg leave to relate an old ſtory, which I think ſomewhat applicable to the preſent ſubject. A ſchool-maſter teaching one of his boys to read, came to the word hard, wnich the boy very properly marked with the note of breathing hard; you are wrong ſays the maſter, the word is Ard, H is no letter, this blockhead will never learn any thing. The boy being deſcended from mean, though honeſt parents, was obliged to perform many of the menial offices of a ſervant; to make amends for his paying only half the yearly ſtipend his ſchool-fellows did; and indeed often waited behind his maſter's chair, in the capacity of a foot boy: that happening to be his poſt a few mornings after, his maſter ordered him to heat his muffin which had grown cold, from his being obliged to attend a gentleman, who had brought him a new ſcholar. The boy being abſent a long time, the maſter was at length through hunger obliged to ring his bell, *well ſirrah, ſays he*, where is my *Muffin*, I did as you bid, cries the boy archly; well but where is it, did not I bid you *heat it*, yes cries the boy, (with a fooliſh kind of a ſmile,) but on Wedneſday you beat me, and told me, H was no letter, and I have *eat it*. The maſter was ſo entertained at the boy's archneſs, and at the ſame time ſo confounded at the juſtneſs of his reproof, that he not only forgave him, but gave him two-pence to buy him ſome ginger-bread.—Let me beg leave to make a digreſſion of a few moments, from my original deſign to take into conſideration a ſpecies of another kind, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Jingler.

This

This gentleman will ſacrifice ſenſe, metre, concord, and in ſhort all the laws of grammar, for what, why to have his lines pretty. To ſhew him the abſurdity of his intention, I ſhall beg leave to quote two lines made on the celebrated Cardinal Woolſey, in which the folly of alteration, as he is pleaſed to call it, is very whimſically ridiculed, and then leave him to his own reflections:

By Butchers born, but by Biſhops bred,
How high his Honour holds his haughty head.

To return to my former ſubject, let me take under inſpection, a ſect, whom I ſhall call Word Clippers. It is in my humble judgment a very great overſight in the noble Lord, who ſo lately made ſuch an excellent law for the preſervation of our coin, and to hinder that from being diminiſhed, that he did not add, a clauſe for the preſervative of our language, and for the more effectual prevention of the inroads of whim and caprice) Poſitive he will call Pos, now I would propoſe as a puniſhment for him, that he ſhould poſitively be ſet in the ſtocks, till he would poſitively ſay, he would poſitively do ſo no more. Whilſt Lady Mary at the court end of the town is curtailing her native language, and cutting down Diſſyallables and Pollyſyllables, into Monoſyllables, Nan and Moll at Billinſgate, are making ample amends for the defect, by adding ſupernumary ones, when they talk of fiſhes-ſes and places-ſes, and running their fiſteſſes in people's faces-ſes.

Come we now to the word Grubbers. To ſhew how whimſically words the moſt ſimple in themſelves may be perverted. I ſhall beg leave to relate

plain matter of fact. A gentleman meeting his friend in the ſtreet, amongſt other converſation aſked him the news of the day. Says his friend, I hear my Lord Slamb has had the misfortune to have been thrown from his horſe, which has occaſioned a ſwelling in his groin, and it is feared will oblige him to keep his bed. A Quidnunc paſſing by and overhearing this important piece of intelligence, big with his own conſequence, and overjoyed to be the firſt meſſenger of the poor Lord's misfortune, haſtens to the firſt Barber's ſhop, to free himſelf from his beard and his ſecret at the ſame time. The Barber had lathered his face, and had actually ſhaved half of it, when the poor man being moſt grievouſly diſappointed at not being aſked the news, and not being able to contain himſelf any longer, breaks forth, what little curioſity ſome people have, never to enquire what is going forward in the world, have you heard of the accident that has happened to poor Slamb to-day, 'Pon Honour I'm very ſorry for him, very ſorry indeed; I din'd at his houſe t'other day, (which indeed he had, with one of his Lordſhip's footmen) I'm very ſorry for him, he's an honeſt jolly fellow as ever breath'd. Why you muſt know he has had a terrible ejection from his heart, which has occaſioned a protuberance in his abdominal parts, and which, it is feared, will terminate in an abceſs. Being thus eaſed of his load, away he flies to his acquaintance, with the ſame pompous narration.

In a few moments after he had left the ſhop, another cuſtomer coming in to be ſhaved, and inquiring what was the news of the day, Strap relates the foregoing ſtory in the following manner. Lawke-a-dazy,

dazy, ſir, the moſt ſaddeſt misfortunate accident has happened poor Lord Slang, that has ever been heard of in all ſucceſs of time, he has had an injection from his breaſt, which has given him a preturbation in his abominable parts, which it was feared would occaſion his abſence. In writing, as well as ſpeaking, it behoves every one to obſerve the greateſt niceneſs and accuracy, ſince the miſplacing of a ſingle comma, may be productive of the greateſt miſtakes. Trifling as this caution may appear, I ſhall beg leave to relate three or four hiſtorical facts, in defence of my propoſition. After the defeat and dethronement of the unfortunate King Edward; his royal conqueror ſent the following laconic order, to the warden of Pontefract caſtle, where the King was then confined, which admits of two very different meanings, according to the placing of the ſtops: The order was this.—Regan Edwardum occidere noli tinere bonum eſt, which for the benefit of my female readers, I ſhall take the liberty to tranſlate, by putting the ſtop at noli, the ſentence ſtands thus: —To ſhed King Edward's blood refuſe, to fear I count it good, but the ſecretary or perhaps the conqueror himſelf being in a hurry, through inattention or through indeed, whatever you pleaſe, put the comma unfortunately for poor Edward at the word tinere, which expreſly orders the Warden to put the poor King to death, as thus, to ſhed King Edward's blood refuſe to fear, I count it good.—Another not quite ſo tragical an event, though indeed a ſufficiently ſerious one happened ages later, a prieſt of eminence in the Romiſh church, being appointed Arch-biſhop of Canterbury, ordered the following inſcription to be painted over his gateway.

Hæc Janua aperta, eſt nullis ferrata honeſta. This open gate is barred to no honeſt man. But employing an ignorant artiſt to do it, inſtead of placing the ſtop at aperta, placed it at nulli, and the inſcription ſtood thus. This gate is open to no one, but barred againſt an honeſt man. The king his patron happening to hear of it, and being rather of a poſitive diſpoſition, 'twas in vain for the Biſhop to plead his innocence, and was ſuperſeded, and another wiſer, though perhaps not a more honeſt man, or worthier of the benefice appointed in his room. Since we ſee then that the miſplacing of a ſingle comma, has loſt a king his life, and a prieſt his biſhopric, how extremely careful and cautious ought we to be, and though we may not have it in our power to fear the loſs of a kingdom, or a biſhopric, we may that of a friend or our own reputation, which may ſuffer conſiderably by a fault of this kind. In ſpeaking as in writing, the ſtops muſt be kept with the ſame degree of accuracy, without a due attention to which, our converſation is an unintelligible jargon of nonſenſe, and the particular intention of the mind, muſt be marked by the emphaſis we lay on ſome of the words we make uſe of in converſation, as for inſtance, the ſix ſingle words, " I will walk up that hill," admits of ſix different meanings, by changing the ſtreſs or emphaſis you lay on each word. If the queſtion is aſked, who will walk up that hill, the emphaſis is laid on the firſt word, I will, &c. If any perſon doubts, or wiſh to prevent you who are eager to do it, the emphaſis lays on the ſecond, will, &c. If it is aſked how you mean to aſcend it, you ſay walk, &c. here the emphaſis lays on the third word. If you are aſked what part you mean to walk

on,

on, you ſay, up, &c. If you are obliged to point the particular hill you ſay that. If you are aſked where you are going you ſay hill, &c. Here the emphaſis lies on the ſixth and laſt word, an obſerver of this ſimple rule cannot fail of engaging the attention of my hearers, who at the ſame time they are convinced of the propriety of the delivery, are inſtructed themſelves. A man well verſed in this great and principle rule in the ſcience of oratory, cannot fail of becoming an ornament to his country, either in the church or ſtate, in which ever fortune, or his own inclination may have urged him to purſue the buſineſs of. As in painting the different paſſions of the mind are expreſſed at the will of the artiſt, ſo if I may not be deemed a lover of grimace, by wiſhing to introduce them into the ſenate, they are to be expreſſed by the different modulation of the ſpeaker's features, as thus: *Anger*, *Rage*, *Cunning*, *Peeviſhneſs*, *Affection*, *Love*, *Jealouſy*, *Hatred*, *Impatience*, and *Drunkenneſs*, which are to be accompanied by different tones of the voice, ſuitable to the paſſion you are diſcourſing on. In fear, the voice muſt be low, tremulous and heſitating. Courage, which is the oppoſite paſſion to fear, is to be differently expreſſed, and as the poſſeſſion of this paſſion, has a bold and fearleſs mind, ſo muſt he ſhow it by a bold and fearleſs tone, ſpeaking loud, ſteady, and clear. Rage muſt be expreſſed in a ſtrong, vehement, and elevated tone; and not unfrequently in a full ſarcaſtic, but low one. Hope on the contrary is to be expreſſed in a ſmooth, clear, and modulated voice. Some authors, indeed, maintain that hope is no paſſion, but only an affection of the mind, whilſt others as ſtrongly and ſtrenouſly inſiſt on the contrary. If we want

to expreſs by our voice a perplexed and troubled mind, the tone muſt be grave, ſteady, and earneſt. Surprize is to be expreſſed different ways, whether it be occaſioned by exceſſive joy, or exceſſive grief, it is to be expreſſed ſimilar to which ever of theſe two paſſions it is allied to; but as ſurprize may be occaſioned by a variety of concuring circumſtances, it would be needleſs to enumerate the different tones of voice, in which it may be repreſented. Deſcription is to be expreſſed in a clear and full voice, which muſt be occaſionally altered as the different ſubjects treated on require. Whilſt contempt is to be marked by a ſlow, pointed and ſarcaſtic tone. It is impoſſible, that any place can afford more uſeful precepts on the affecting paſſions of the mind, than the ſtage, ſince

To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold;
For this the tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants tho' more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

I ought to make ſome apology eſpecially to thoſe who place the whole of their diverſion in mumming and fun, as they call it, for having been ſo dull and ſentimental, but as I ſhall endeavour as much as poſſible, to mix the ſerious with the jocoſe, I hope I ſhall ſtand ſufficiently excuſed.

What

What ſhall we ſay to the LAUGHER, who is ſo very fond of his own jokes, that he is over and over again, plagueing his friends and acquaintance to liſten to his Ha-Ha-Ha-od Day, I ſaid the beſt thing the tother day that ever I ſaid in my life, though you know I'm famous for ſaying good things, ſays I to my brother, Ha-ha-ha, I cannot help laughing when I think of it.) ſays I to my brother, I ſaw a wind, Ha ha, ha, ſays my brother, ſaw a wind, yes, ſays I, Ha, ha, ha, ſaw a wind. Why what was it like? Ha, ha, ha, why it was like to blow my houſe down. Some people are particularly fond of cant terms and phraſes, which they uſe on every occaſion, as for example Humbug, the whole nation was humbuged, it was all a humbug, the French humbuged us into a war, and the Americans humbuged us into a peace. Then every thing was the Barber. Soon after the barber was turned into the ſhaver, and every thing was the ſhaver, from St James's to Wapping, from the nobleman to the keelman. Then every thing was a trifle, and truly with ſome reaſon, for as it is but a trifling age, ſo nothing but trifles are valued in it; men read nothing but trifling authors, purſue nothing but trifling amuſements, and contend for nothing but trifling opinions. A trifling fellow is preferred, and a trifling woman admired; nay, as if there were not trifles enough, they now make trifles of the moſt ſerious and valuable things, their time, their health, their money, their reputation, are all trifled away; honeſty is become a trifle, conſcience a trifle, honour a mere trifle, and religion the greateſt trifle of them all.

END of the SECOND PART.

PART

PART THIRD.

IN the former Parts of theſe lectures, I took notice only of mankind in general, without claſſing or dividing them under their proper heads, which is my next endeavour, and ſhall make it the buſineſs of this and the following part.

Firſt, I ſhall conſider a race of men, who, as they are intirely different from the reſt of the world in their converſation, their dreſs and mannner of behaviour, I ſhall diſtinguiſh under the title of BUTTERFLIES. I now beg leave to recite a converſation between four of theſe rulers of the female heart, tranſmitted to me by a friend, *verbatim et literatim*. The party was Jacky Wagtail, Tommy Trinket, Sir Fanciful Fringe, and Lord Lofty. Theſe four ſoft delicate creatures were ſet down to a comfortable game at whiſt one Sunday afternoon. (they being ſo full of buſineſs the other ſix days of the week that they could not find a moment to ſpare to unbend the mind by this faſhionable amuſement.) Jacky Wagtail and my Lord Lofty were partners, they enjoyed the greateſt tranquility for the two firſt deals; but unfortunately in the third, a moſt violent diſpute aroſe between Jacky and his Lordſhip on the latter loſing the odd trick, and if the other two had not intepoſed, they would have ſcratched each other's face in the moſt terrible manner. Cries Jacky, why, my Lord, did not you ruff the diamond! It was not the play, ſays my Lord.---Give me leave to tell you, it was, cries Jacky, ſomewhat haſty.---Gads

curſe

curſe me if I would play with you for pins, dont you know what Hoyle ſays on this ſubject?

"If A and B are partners, and the game nine all, A and B have four tricks, C and D five tricks; A leads a ſpade, C puts on a queen, B trumps it, D paſſes it, B returns a club and puts on the four of trumps, A the five." Thus, this intereſting diſpute is ſettled by ſtudying Hoyle's important treatiſe, and ſorry am I to ſay, it is the only treatiſe that is ſtudied. Now a-days, nothing can be more entertaining to a lover of humour, than the hearing of a debate ſettled at a meeting well known by the name of the Robin Hood, where perſons of all countries have an undoubted right to deliver their ſentiments, and talk as much nonſenſe as they pleaſe on the ſubject propoſed, whether they underſtand it or not. I ſhall beg leave to offer you a debate of this kind. The queſtion propoſed was a very plain and ſimple one; it was to aſcertain who was the firſt orator in the world? The diſputants were, a Scothman, a Welchman, and an Iriſhman: the Welchman led the van thus, "A-a, look you, my friends, a-a you would know, or, a-a, you would find out, look you, who was the firſt orator, a-a, in the Orld: a-a, now I will tell you; Cot pleſs my ſoul, What is an aſs? Why look you, I will tell you what it is: why, it is an animal without horns, and great huge ears, a-a little pigger than a coat. Now I will tell you, when St. Davit went into Wales, which a-a, look you, was ſoon after the general deluge, look you, (for Wales is very ancient place, much more ſo than either Ireland or Scotland) I ſay, when St. Davit came into Whales, he pecan to teach a-a the people to talk, look you, and a-a, make uſe of their tongues,

before

before which they only pellowed, and made a noiſe like coats, a-a look you, and a-a as it is well known that Wales is by far the moſt ancient place in the whole orld, there can pe no doubt of the great St. Davit being the firſt orator. This ſon of a curd having finiſhed the argument (as he thought) quite in his own favour, ſat down fully ſatiſfied in his own mind of his ſuperiour knowledge, wiſdom, and underſtanding; but this was far from being the caſe, as the honeſt Hibernian who roſe next to him, diſplay'd full as extraordinary abilities as the Cambro-Briton his predeceſſor: he began as follows. Arrah now, my dear honeys, and you would know who was the firſt perſon who practiced the trade of talking, or ſpouting, ara by Jaſus, or a whatever you plaſe to call it, it was little Hercules Flannegan, the Romiſh prieſt of Balliſhannon, in the county of Ulſter; ara now, my dare creatures, you may flare and you may laugh as much as you plaiſe, but Mr. Faulkner the printer will tell you the ſame thing: ay, little Hercules was an honeſt fellow, and would have made the nation a great man had he lived to this time; but poor crature: well, we are all mortal, and he died like a great man, devil burn me but he had ſix thouſand parſons to attend his funeral, ay and three hundred to that too." What, he was a gentleman of fortune, cries one of his hearers, " Ha! ha! by Jaſus he was, for he had the ill fortune to be hang'd. But all's one for that, you know, dear cratures; for I would lay ten to one, or two to one, which is a great deal more, that many an honeſter fellow have died like mane ſcoundrels in their beds. ah, he was as pretty a fellow as you would wiſh to clap your two looking eyes on; but, reſt his ſoul,

ſoul he's gone, and I have done." So much for Mr Dennis O'Conner. Next to him roſe up Mr Sawney Cameron Macgregor, who with a ſtrong north of Tweed accent harrangued in the following terms :— " Haud your honds, out on ye for a pack of ignorant blockheads, ye ken naething o'th matter, why now, wha de ye thenk was the firſt orator ?— Why ye wull perhaps ſay 'twas Tully the firſt Latiniſt. Aught geude trothe ye are wide o'th mark ; wee'l then ken ye, it may be Demoſthenes the Greek ? Hout, hout, you are ſtill far frae it. Wee'l Iſe tell you wha it was ; when Adam and Eve were in Paradiſe, they were allowed to eat any thing therein except the wee pippins, now when Satan the great arch-deel fand this oot, he whiſpered a few ſaft words in her lugg an ſhe conſented and took an apple and eat : Noo ken ye wha was the firſt orator ? Why to be ſure the De'el himſall."

Next to him aroſe a gentleman of the ſect or ſpecies, honoured with the title of Maccaronies ; who ſo admirably blended French and Engliſh, that he produced a kind of Pyebald language." But as none of the heroes were polite enough to underſtand the French tongue, he was immediately knocked down, and deſired to ſpeak in a language they could underſtand ; but as this was utterly impoſſible, he remained quiet for the reſt of the evening.

It may not be improper to give a ſhort ſpecimen of the language or diſcourſes of theſe inconſiſtent creatures : " Ah, my dear fellow, 'pon honour I am very glad to ſee you, let me never ſtir, if I am not, I have been quite dirargee for ſome time with a moſt violent cold I caught at Ranelaugh ; I don't believe

I have ſeen you ſince I dined with Sir Matthew Melaſſes, the great ſugar baker, of the Ward of Farringdon Without; you know he is agent to my Weſt India Eſtate, and I always dine with him once a year. Well I proteſt his wife is a fine woman indeed; and you muſt know after dinner, when the toaſts went round, I gave her a fille de joye; begad ſhe bluſhed de bon rouge colure, and took it into her head to be offended; I paſſed it off with my uſual Bronge endegagee, and ſhe ſoon was in better humour, the knight fell aſleep, and we ſupped together En familie; after ſupper we ——— ; but that is none of your affair."

Thus they ridicule every body they meet with, even thoſe to whom they lye under the greateſt obligations; and if a lady ſhould confer the ſatisfaction of a ſmile on them, though it may be a ſmile of contempt, they never fail to interpret it to their own advantage; and from this ſlight foundation, do not ſcruple of boaſting their being received into the cloſeſt intimacy, which may be even farther from the fair one's heart than truth is from their own.—That I may not, after having taken notice of the idioms and abſurdities of different neighbouring countries, ſeem too partial to my own, I ſhall offer to you a Weſtmorland collier, rough and unhewn from the Pit.—" Deek-deek-ods Babbies, Rabbit the where beſt gawen, I hoont ſeen thee I don't know haw lang, where haſt been Deek? Why I ha been at Newcaſtle ſince I ſeed thou Loud,—Loud then thee doſt not knaw what they ha been doon ſince thou haſt been hire? Why I will tell thee why they ha built a church up at King's ood, a famous

mous place in the Weſt of England for coal pits; A church, ay indeed, why I nare was in a church in aw my life, 'till laſt Sunday was a week; I nare was in ſuch a place in aw my boworn days before, aw went down dree or vour ſteps, juſt as if I was a gowen into a coal pit, and there the people were ſtuck togeder juſt for aw the world like ſheep in a pen, and a man ſtood in one corner in a tub, wid a black zhirt on, and a white ding zlit before, and a mon ſat underneden mocken on um, an when he had chattered for zome time, a keam out, and took a child a little we bit thing ines arms and carried to a trough, and that twas vrozen enow to vreeze one's guts out, dang me if he dinno blaſh a hondfull of cauld water aw ith the pure things feas, I had a good mind to draſten out I had, but I thought they might ſet ma ith zocks for being obſtroporous, but a dizerved to be draſhed dat a did vor being zo inhuman."

As there is ſcarcely an occupation, which has not a ſpecies of language *peculiar* to itſelf; I ſhall therefore lay before you ſome of the moſt ſtriking, to begin with the Anecdote Hunter to whom we may add the Jolly Fellow, in treating of whom, I ſhall endeavour to explain what is meant by a genius of that kind in the common acceptation of the word; but firſt to begin with the Anecdote Hunter, who is continually teazing his friends and acquaintance with ſome dull ſtory, they have heard him repeat over and over again five hundred times; and ſo little does he regard whether his ſtories are well timed or not, that it is a thouſand to one, if you were talking of the Eaſt Indies, but he tells you a ſtory of Charles the twelfth.

I remem-

I remember one of theſe tormentors telling a long ſtory of when Mr Burke ſtood member of parlialiament for the city of Briſtol, there was a poor unfortunate Barber, who happened to be a partiſan of the other ſide of the queſtion, Mr Burke's party broke all the poor man's windows, when he not being able to afford new glaſs, papered all the ſquares. The day after a ſailor wanting to be ſhaved, and finding he could not ſee into the ſhop, drove his head through one of the ſquares, and enquired if the Barber was at home, the Barber thruſting his head through the other ſide, cried out, "No, he is juſt gone out."

This ſtory, if it had been introduced in a proper time, and at a converſation, which tended to any thing relative to elections, might have had a tolerable good effect; but happening to town on Mr Fordyce's having lately broke, it was moſt certainly out of ſeaſon.

The captain of a collier (a ruff unhewn kind of gentleman) who happened to be ſitting near, cries out, "Avaſt, my boy, lay too, how does this ſame ſtory concatenate? Split my top-ſails, but you ſeem to be out of your latitude.—Oh, I ſuppoſe Mr. Fordyce's breaking puts you in mind of breaking the barber's lights. I'll tell you what my boy, an you was a board of ſhip, and was to tell ſuch a ſtory you would be keel-haul'd, I promiſe you."

I juſt now promiſed to refine the meaning of the words jolly fellow, from which title he ſeems to be cut out as on purpoſe for ſociety; but the caſe is far otherwiſe, and as a proof, I ſhall beg leave to lay before you a converſation between Sir Benjamin Bumper

Bumper and his lady. The knight being the other evening at the ſign of the bunch of grapes, the principal inn in the borough of Guzzledown (for which place he was member, and was at that time actually canvaſſing againſt the approaching general election) in company with a hunch-back barber, a horſe-doctor and three or four more gentlemen. The knight growing a little enlivened, ſays, "Come, let us play at ſomething; come ſee begin, he that is out firſt ſhall drink a halfpint bumper, or have his face black'd." Having thus amuſed themſelves for two or three hours with the enchanting game of even or odd, and the knight from having been frequently out, and not being able, toward the latter end of the ſitting, to drink his forfeit, was obliged to ſubmit to the diſcipline of the cork, and about four in the morning was carried home to be put to bed with his own wife. After breakfaſt ſhe begins her lecture, in which, for fear of being herſelf lectured, ſhe frequently makes uſe of the words *every body*, and *ſome body*. "I am ſure, if ſome body goes out in this manner, and gets drunk with every body, there is ſome body in the world who will not bear with every body's ill treatment. Every body in the country cries out ſhame on ſomebody, for treating ſomebody ſo ill, and I am ſure ſomebody had better part than live on ſuch terms with ſome body.' "Lord my dear, cries the huſband, it is no body, no body at all."

From drinking we ſhall proceed to the eating companion, who, I think, is as great a beaſt as the other. Pugh! bring another ladle of—pugh! turtle ſoop.—You raſcal you, don't take off that haunch

haunch of veniſon—a pugh! a hot plate, a glaſs of jelly,—and a lamp.---Hob nob, Sir,---with all my heart.——two glaſſes of madeira, a pugh! you and I and the friends of the family.

I ſhall next beg leave to recite a letter written by Sir Chriſtopher Catgut, muſician, to Mr. Samuel Starch, grocer in Cheapſide.

" Dear Sir,

" I have ſounded the ſtring of the affection of " your moſt amiable daughter, and it would be baſe " in me not to confeſs my heart is in uniſon with " hers. I ſhould be particularly happy, therefore, " to be joined in a duet with her; and if I ſhould " be ſo fortunate as to have your conſent, in " concerto with that of your wife's, it it would " raiſe my heart in alt, and elevate my ſpirits " from adante to allegro. Yourſelfe and ſpouſe, " miſs and her ſlave, will, if agreeable, make " a quartet to go to the Saracen's on Wedneſ- " day; and if the weather is moderato, I make no " doubt but mirth and good humour will be ſpiri- " tuoſo amonſt us all.

As muſic is the ſubject, what is there that is more enlivening or chearing than this all powerful art? It inſpires courage into the timorous and vigour into the weak; without the ſound of trumpets how low would be the ſoldier's ſpirits; what Briton's heart does not riſe at the enchanting ſound of " God ſave the king." " Britons ſtrike home" And " O the roaſt beef of Old England." Nay, we receive this by inſtinct, for even when children, we are to be won to any thing by the lively tunes of " Jack Sprat, or High diddle diddle, the cat and

the

the fiddle" whilſt a grave ſerious tune will as effectually deter them from a naughty trick as a good whipping. What is there on earth makes work go on ſo quick as muſic, and, as the man in the opera ſays, "It is a ſign work goes on well when they ſing at it, I like to hear them ſing." But a workman ſhould be particularly careful not to make ſuch a miſtake as a maſter taylor did the laſt general mourning, who obſerving the general mirth and glee of his neighbours, amidſt the general outſide of ſorrow, ſtruck up with a "Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves," keeping exact time with his ſhears, which was as duly obſerved by the journeymen on the board, and both needles and ſhears moved as if by clock-work, to the ſame tune: but as this tune is a very grave ſlow one, the work muſt neceſſarily go on ſlowly. This was obſerved by his partner, who ſoon after ſtruck out with "of all the girls in our town,—the black, the fair, the white, the brown,---that dance and prance it up and down,---there's none like Nancy Dawſon," ſo kick'd poor Britannia out of the ſhop, which if the partner had not done, the taylor would have been obliged to go into mourning inſtead of his cuſtomers.

Some people are apt to carry their love of muſic to a moſt ridiculous pitch; as the clerk of a certain pariſh, being often jeared for his too great love of muſic, would repeat the following well-known lines of Shakeſpear, in the ſame ſnuffling tone which he was accuſtomed to give out the pſalms in on a Sunday.

"The man that hath not muſic in himſelf,
And is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,

Is

Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let not ſuch a man be truſted.

A QUACK DOCTOR's Letter to Miſs FIRKIN.

Dear Miſs FIRKIN,

This comes to you with my cordial thanks for your invigorating reception laſt night, when I ſpread my mind before you. You are ſovereignly good, and ſyringed my ears with praiſes, which ſhould be adminiſtered to your ſweet ſelf alone. I ſcarce know how to write to you, for my mind is ſo conſlipated in the abdomen of my doubts, that nothing but the cathartic ſyrup of your ſenſe, can correct, diſcharge, and mundify my thoughts.---Yes, my dear Miſs, your mouth is an alembic, whence your conceptions, more ſubtle than quinteſſence, momentarily diſtil. My patients are leſs moved by my patent elixir, than the vivacity of your eyes do correct the acid and mardicant humours of an inflamed love; your chearful temper is a ſovereign ervietan againſt the melancholy paroxyſms of an heart oppilated with your rare virtues and eminent qualities. Happy is the wounded breaſt to which ſuch an excellent cataplaſm as yourſelf ſhall be applied. I ſhall infuſe the gracious attractions with which you ſuperabound in the mattraſs of my remembrance. To-morrow I ſhall have the honour to feel your pulſe again, 'till then adieu! dulcified antimony of my inquietudes, and dear lenitive of my thoughts.

Your eternal adorer,

PETER POTION.

GRENVILLE MUSEUM

FINIS.